THE POETICALL RECREATIONS OF Mr ALEXANDER CRAIG, of Roſe-Craig, *Scoto Britan.*

Otium ſine literis mors eſt, & vivi hominis Sepulcrum.

ABERDENE,
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CVM PRIVILEGIO.

TO THE MOST HOPEFVLL, VERTVOVS, AND NOBLE LORD,

The VVyſe and Matchleſſe *MVSOPHILVS*,

GEORGE,

EARLE OF ENYIE, LORD GORDON, AND *BADYENOCHT*, &c.

THE ſubtill Merchandes (moſt Honourable and hopefull Lord) before the Doores and Windowes of their Shoppes, hang out, and expone their worſt Wares, to ſignifie, that they haue better Stuffe of that ſame ſorte in the Shoppe to ſell: I haue committed to the Preſſe, vnder your Noble Protection and Patrocinie, theſe mine Ephemerid, and Miſcellanean RECREATIONS: Aſſuring your Honour, that

I haue better ſtuffe (which is yet vnſeene) to preſent you. Accept of them with your accuſtomed courteſie: For if you deny, I will ſend them deſperatelie through the world (like the *Lacedemonian* Baſtards) to ſeeke an Habitation to themſelues. *Evaches*, the *Meſſenian* King, conſulted at *Delphos*, what event the Warres betwixt the *Spartans* and him ſhould take: The anſwere was, If he ſacrifized a Virgine of his owne Kinred and Blood, the *Meſſenians* ſhould be victors. *Ariſtodemus*, neareſt of the Blood Royall, having but one Daughter, would needs ſacrifize her to the end foreſaid. A Citizen farre in loue with the Virgine, (to ſaue her life) alleadged ſhee was with childe vnto him. *Ariſtodemus* killeth his Daughter in anger: And though ſhe was a true Virgine, yet becauſe he ſacrificed her in wrath, the King *Evaches* was kild: *Ariſtodemus*, his Succeſſour, was likewiſe kild, and the *Meſſenians* vtterlie over-throwne. I will not ſweare with the Paraſiticall *Ægyptians*, *By the lyfe of Pharao*: nor with the Barbarous *Perſians*, *Per Mithram*, which is, *By Phœbus*: nor with *Neſtor*, *By Hercules*, becauſe hee loved him beſt: But aſſuredlie, (Noble Lord) belieue the Aſſertion of an honeſt Man, Theſe my RECREATIONS, the Libanotes and Oblations of my loue, are true Virgines, never received Impreſſion till now, and in moſt ſincere loue and affection are ſacrifized to your Honour. Yea, as *Hercules* at his death left his Bow and Arrowes to *Philoctetes*, as the braveſt Archer; So will I hencefoorth conſecrate all my Songes and Poems to Thee: With this kinde Counſell, *Salem, & Menſam, ne prætereas*, keep the bonds of Friendſhip with the meaneſt that loveth and followeth Thee. And for me, ſince Thy Vertue hath won me, let Thy Vertue preſerue mee ſtill.

Thine owne faythfull

and freelie devoted,

Mr ALEXANDER CRAIG,

OF ROSE-CRAIG.

Ad eundem.

TO Thee, deare Lord, amidſt theſe drierie Tymes,
My dying Muſe vp-reares her drowſie Head.
To Thee ſhee runs, with rude vntutered Rymes,
And leaues the Bed where long ſhee lay as dead.
A Countrey Mayde ſhee is, and yet Thou knowes her:
And in Thine Armes to finde refuge ſhee throwes her.

Bee Thou the franke *MECOENAS* to maintaine her
Againſt the force and furie of her Foes.
If Thou defende, ſhee cares not who diſdaine her:
For ſhee muſt ſporte in ſpyte of Fortunes Noſe.
DEMOCRITS *Childe ſhee is, and I dare ſayd,*
Smyle Thou on her, and ſhee ſhall make Thee glad.

TO THE READERS.

I Pray thee *Critik, Scratch-pate,* and *Find-fault,* ſuſpende thy ſevere cenſure of mee, *Tecum habita, & noris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex.* And thou that vp-braideſt mee with a volie of Volumes, which thou haſt read (though I confeſſe to ſmall vſe) remember this, *Plurima qui ſpondent, minimum præſtaſſe videmus.* And thou who (lyke CINADON) canſt not abyde a better Man in SPARTA than thy ſelfe; I wiſh thee (as CINADON, and his Confederates were) to bee ſtripped naked, and whipped to death in the Market place.

Conſilio perit ipſe ſuo conſultor iniquus.

—But Courteous and Gentle Reader, to thee alone I come, and betake mee; and with wyse SENECA I say, *Apes debemus imitari, quæ ut vagantur, & ad mel faciendum flores idoneos carpunt, deinde quicquid attulere, disponunt, ac per favos digerunt: Ita debemus quæcunque ex diversa lectione congesimus separare, melius enim distincta cernuntur: Deinde ad debitam facultatem ingenii in unum saporem varia illa libamenta confundere ut etiam si apparuerit, unde sumptum est, aliud tamen quàm unde sumptum est, appareat.*

Reade then my RECREATIONS with Iudgement, and judge with Loue: And so fare-well.

Heartilie Fare-vvell.

M. ALEXANDER CRAIG.

THE MISERIE OF MAN.

THE Lyfe of Man is full of Griefe and Sorrow:
First at our Birth we breathe, and next we mourne.
As Day to Night, and Night ſucceedes to Morrow,
Woe followes Woe, to Earth till wee returne.
EVRIPIDES *did well and wyſelie ſay,*
Mans Lyfe and Care are Twins, and borne one day.

The Shortnes of Lyfe.

ONe ſome-tyme ask'd DIOGENES, how long
The woefull lyfe of wretched Man might laſt?
Hee to an Hill aſcendes, with vigour ſtrong,
Lookes round about, and ſtraight deſcendes als faſt:
And ſo with ſilence gaue this Anſwere plaine,
The Lyfe of Man is ſhort, and full of paine.

Contempt of Fortune.

MAns weaker partes are thrall to Fortunes wrong;
The princelie part and portion is our owne:
And doeth alone to Vertue faire belong,
And is (alace) with our consent over-throwne.
Let Fortune frowne, or fawne; for shee is blinde:
Her power is nought against a Vertuous myndе.

POLEMOES REFORMATION.

VVHen drunke POLEMO came to heare the speaches
And Lessons wise of ANAXAGORAS;
Of Temperance, and dyet good hee teaches,
To polish POLEM: And it came to pas,
The Lesson wyse made him all Wine disdaine,
As whilst hee liv'd, hee was not drunke againe.

POMPEYS MERCIE.

VVHen TIGRANES, the great ARMENIAN King,
With all his power by POMPEY was defeate,
His Royall Crowne and Realmes hee did resigne,
And for his lyfe hee came in POMPEYS debt:
But POMPEY *sayde, Keepe all, and still enjoy them;*
I rather make great MONARCHS, *than destroy them.*

NEROES CHANGE.

VVHen NERO firſt the ROMANES did command,
A Man more meeke nor myld might no where bee:
Hee wiſh'd hee could not write, nor put his hand
To ſigne their Bils, who were condem'd to die.
This laſted not: O Leſſon bad and evill!
In Youth a Saincte, in Age to prone a Devill.

Difference betwixt a King, and a Tyrant.

WYſe ADRIAN was oft-tymes wont to ſay,
Mercie with Men is deem'd a thing divine:
But chiefelie Kings, who beare chiefe rule and ſway,
To Clemencie and Mercie ſhould incline.
A King will ſay, I may: and will not doe.
A Tyrant ſayes, I dare: and then goes too.

The temperance of Epaminondas, King of Thebes.

A THEBANE kinde did ſome-time beg and pray,
EPAMINONDAS for his Royall Gueſt:
The King compear'd, and kept the Feaſting day:
Yet liv'd on Bread, and faſted from the Feaſt:
Then ſayde, (good Friend) I came to thee indeede,
As Man to eate, not as a Beaſt to feede.

LIBERALITIE OF PHOCION.

VVHen *PHILIPS* great vnconquered Sonne had ſende
To *PHOCION* Gifts, and Iewels of great worth;
Hee ſaw them all, and ſent them backe in ende:
No Favoures, but Refuſals, they brought foorth.
Then ſaid hee to the Legates, Doe not grieue:
I will not take, leſt I forget to giue.

OF THEMISTOCLES.

THEMISTOCLES was wiſe, and made a Ieſt:
His Sonne did guide his wyfe: his Wyfe bore ſway,
And power ov'r him; hee was in *ATHENS* beſt.
And then all *GRIECE* to *ATHENS* did obey.
Childe, Wyfe, Man, Citie, Countreyes great miſguided,
By weake Degrees, vndone, deſtroy'd, divided.

Nocumenta, Documenta.

SISAMNES was a *PERSIAN* Iudge, wee finde,
Corrupt, and falſe, and did foule Brybes in-bring:
His puniſhment was of a cruell kinde;
Hee was excoriate, by *CAMBISES* King:
But OTHANES, his Sonne, eſchew'd that ſinne,
And learn'd a Leſſon from his Fathers Skinne.

Man is

Man is in Honour, and from thence throwne downe:
Is hee not then excoriate, Skinleſſe, bare?
The Peaſant poore, the Baſe, and Countrey Clowne,
Liues more ſecure, no Downe-fall doeth hee feare.
Farre better not beene borne, than haue a Name
Rolde in the bluſhing Rubrickes of blacke Shame.

To the ignorant Iudge.

WHilſt *IGNORAMVS* on the Bench doth ſit,
The N and L hee can command at will:
Which argues much, hee hath ſmall ſtore of wit;
Of C and A hee hath no kynde of ſkill:
Yet ſits a Iudge, as blinde as Bat or Owle.
Greede PHALERATE, with Pride, muſt play the Foole.

N. L. Non Liquet: C. Condemnare:
A. Abſolvere, vel Ampliare.

To a diſcredited Courteour.

THe Snayle did once the Eagle faire intreate,
That hee would teach and learne her how to flie;
Her Creeping low, her baſe obſcure eſtate,
Made her of Beaſts the baſeſt Beaſt to bee.
The Eagle ſaid, To flie is not thy kinde;
Crawle on thy Wombe, and ſtriue not with the Winde.

The Snayle at length prevailes with inſtant prayer,
(Wee conquer Heaven with lowde importune Cryes)
Betwixt his Clookes hee cleekes her through the Aire.
Shee on a Rocke, falles, dyes. The Eagle wyſe
Bids Snayles, FARE-WELL; *for henceforth hee'll forſweare them*
They ſhould not flie, that haue not wings to beare them.

ALIUD.

THe Forreſt Aſſe vndaunted did beholde
A tamed Colt, fat, faire, and brauelie dreſt,
Did eate at eaſe, ſecure, and vncontrolde;
Of Aſſes all hee helde him then the beſt:
But through the Fieldes as hee by chance did range,
Within ſhort ſpace hee ſpyes a ſudden change.

A loathſome Loade was laide vpon his Backe;
A Cudgell ſtiffe his Maſter had in Hand:
And with each ſtep hee ſtrypes, and threates his wracke;
Till time the Beaſt could neyther ſtirre, nor ſtand:
So hee who ſeem'd the happieſt as of late,
His Maſter beates, and beares him at debate.

By this example anie man may ſee,
As in a Mirrour, or a Looking-Glaſſe,
How braue ſo er'e thoſe Beaſtes appeare to bee,
The greateſt Courteour, is the greateſt Aſſe:
Fooles ſudden riſe, and headlongs fall from Glorie,
Are Wyſe-mens Leſſons, and their laughing Storie.

HERODIAS

HERODIAS AND SALOME.

IOHN BAPTIST tolde drunke HEROD, hee defilde
His Soule, who kept his Brother PHILIPS Wife;
HERODIAS taught SALOME, her Childe,
To daunce, and rob the Prophet of his lyfe:
Thus twixt the Daughter, and the diveliſh Dame,
GODS ſervant dies, to HERODS laſting ſhame.

But HERODS Houſe was ſack't, and ſwept away;
A ſure Example to the comming Ages;
That ſuch as hee, ſhall come to ſad decay,
And reape of Luſt, and Blood, the wofull Wages:
For crying ſinnes, ere King and Country mourne,
Let HAMAN hang, let BAVDS and HARLOTS burne.

Tigellini Epitaphium, Qui ſero & inhoneſto exitu mortem ſibi conſcivit.

VVHo ſeem'd ſo ſure, as hee who late departed?
(Proude TIGELLIN) in his, and each mans eyes;
Yet vnawares decourted, and decarted,
To ſhift a Iurie his owne Burreau dies:
For all his pryde, loe how it comes to paſſe;
Hee liv'd a Tiger, and hee died an Aſſe.

TO PHILOCOSMVS.

THe Graſſe-hopper hath wings, but cannot flie:
The Wretch hath Wealth, no richer yet is hee.
MIDAS deſir'd *APOLLO*, that hee would
Turne each thing (which his hand did touch) in Golde.
Hee had his Wiſh; the Miſers mynde was ſerved;
Meate touch'd by him, turn'd Golde: Thus MIDAS ſtarved.

ALIVD.

HEe's good enough, if hee haue Goods anew,
Thinks *PHILOCOSMVS* with himſelfe in vaine,
By Violence or Fraude, and Trickes vntrue,
(As Perjuries or Pupils) hee makes gaine.
With Coyne, which hee (for ſelling CHRIST) did winne,
Hee'll buy a Fielde, to burie Strangers in.

PHILOCOSMVS EPITAPH.

STay Pilgryme, ſtay, if thou ſo curious bee,
As Pilgrymes are, what's heere incloſ'd to kno:
Draw nearer then, and I ſhall let thee ſee;
Heere lyes a Thiefe, to Trueth and Vertue Foe;
Belov'd of none, believ'd of none; who made
His Golde his God, a Prey for DIS, lyes dead.

TO CHREMES.

THe God of Wealth, PLVTVS and PLVTO ſtroue,
Whoſe man ſhould Godleſſe-gutliſh CHREMES bee.
A Reference was made to mightie IOVE;
Who pleaſing both, gaue thus-wayes his Decree,
Whilſt CHREMES *liues, let him bee* PLVTVS *Man;*
But when hee dies, let PLVTO *take him than.*

Tranſlatio liberior.

Litigat, & multum PLUTUS PLUTONA *fatigat,*
Cui ſervus CHREMES *dives inopſque foret.*
Inque ſuum exultat nequam, quod Tartara terris
Miſceat, & ſuperent Dæmona divitiæ:
Indicioque IOVIS *cauſam ſubmittit uteroque*
Ille (nocens nulli) dividit imperium.
PLUTI *vivus erit, moriens* PLUTONA *ſequetur,*
Quique dolo ditat, poſtea ditis erit.

Ad eundem.

THe Partridge ſtores her Neſt with Eggs all ſtowne,
Which ſhee ne're layde: But when the Birds are hatched,
The Mother true doth call away her owne:
All from the Thieviſh Step-dame are diſpatched.
So Goods ill got, and heapt by Stealth together,
And meanes vnjuſt, lyke IONAS *Gourd ſhall wither.*

ALIVD.

RAw Meates make Stomackes ſicke, and ſtill doe lye,
Beſtinking Breath, till they bee caſt againe:
So Goodes ill got, by Craft, or Blood, will crye;
The Conſcience ſtill vnquiet muſt remaine.
Vnrighteouſneſſe may builde the Houſe; but long
It ſhall not ſtand, till't ſinke for Sinne and Wrong.

PANVRGVS.

PANURGUS pryes in high and low Effaires;
Hee talkes of Foraine, and our Civill State:
But for his owne hee neyther countes nor cares;
That hee refers to Fortune, and his Fate.
His Neighbours faultes, ſtraight in his Face hee'll finde,
But in a Bag hee hangs his owne behinde.

MARGITES.

IReade of one MARGITES, yet I kno
The Knaue is long ſince dead: but ſuch another,
As lewde a Lowne I ſeeme to ſee. And ſo
MARGITES liues, or then MARGITES Brother:
Falſe, factious, fraudfull, neyther plowes, nor digs,
Robs Poore, treads Weake, from Rich hee begs, and thigs.

To a rude and barbarous Boore, vvho vvronged the Author.

SOme rude, vnruelie, barbrous Boores there bee,
Chiefe Foes to PHŒBUS, and the MUSES nine;
Will counterfeite AURANTIUS prowde: for hee
Wrong'd SANAZAR, the Poët moſt divine:
Both Towne and Towre deſtroyde, in fearce deſpight,
Faire MERGELLINA, SANAZARS *Delight.*

Th'ov'r-partied Poët winked at the VVrong,
And his Revenge remitted to the LORD,
The GOD of HOSTES. Then newes were ſpread ere long,
AURANTIUS prowde was vanquiſht, kilde, and goard.
HEAVENS, *grant all ſuch a ſudden ſhamefull ende,*
That dare preſume a Poët to offende.

And let their Bodies bee embrewed ſtill,
Till Earth drinke vp their Blood, And loathe their ſtinke:
At STIX let CHARON grant them no good-will,
Till hundreth yeares they byde about that Brinke.
And when their Friends their Epitaph ſhall reade,
Let it heape Shame vpon their Childrens head.

The Authors Conſolation.

TAke Courage, CRAIG, though Thou be wrong'd too farre,
With Criminations of a curious Crew;
Whoſe murthering Mouthes, doe what they dow or dare,
To compaſſe thee with Scandales moſt vntrue.
With much a-doe firſt Paſſions are with-ſtood;
But in this point, let Patience doe thee good.

For ſince their Mouth is but a Mint of Lyes,
To forge falſe Coyne, whoſe paſſage will bee ſtayde,
When it encounters with conſidering Eyes,
And in the Ballance of pure Trueth ſurvayde.
Looke to thy Wayes, and let the Wicked lye:
Make Conſcience good, continuall Feaſt to thee.

Apologie for Poets, againſt

OF all thoſe Trees which VESTAES Wombe brings foorth,
How fertile, faire, and braue ſo-e're they bee;
The famous Fig is helde of greateſt worth,
And beares the beſt, and ſweeteſt Fruit, wee ſee:
And for this cauſe there is on Earth no Tree,
Except the Fig, that ſcapes from Thunder free.

A Thunder ſtrange is threatned now of new,
Gainſt ſuch as ſtood in favour once a-day:
Of Poëts yet the number is but few,
Whoſe Songs are ſweet, lyke Figs, and laſt for aye:
Whilſt barren Birkes, Oakes, Firres, are throwne at vnder,
Let Poëts bee, lyke Fig-trees, free from Thunder.

Barbare Muſarum Phœbique inimice, quid obſtat,
Quin Muſæ hoſtes ſint, hoſtis Apollo tibi?
Inſequitur vindicta nefas, mea penna merenti,
Sera licet dederit verbera, ſæva dabit.

Amicus

Amicus magis neceſſarius quam Aqua & Ignis.

VVEll was it ſaide, A Friende that's kynde and true,
More needfull is, than eyther Fire or Water:
And there bee ſtore of Stories olde, (of new
But few, or none, alace) to prove the Matter.
DAMON *turnes* DEMON, *and Deceit bee loves;*
And PYTHIAS, PYTHON, *poyſning Serpent proves.*

TO MVSOPHILVS.

BEloved Friende, I kindlie doe commende
Theſe lyfeleſſe Liiures to Thy louelie Lookes:
For if a Poët may be trowde, they're penn'd
By him who's Thine, but Shifres, Deceites, or Crookes:
Who wiſheth all thy Wiſhes, but reſpect
Of Friende or Foe, to take their full effect.

And when thoſe Wiſhes full effects haue found,
And Thy faire Hopes, which fraught with Hazardes beene,
With Iſſues ſweete, and true Contents are crown'd,
And Thou on top of Fortunes Wheele art ſeene,
Bee not lyke Her, vnconſtant, wavering, blinde,
But to thy Friends (and honeſt CRAIG) *bee kinde.*

A Counſell to his married Friend.

IF Thou with Faſhiones of thy Wife offende,
Teach her with reaſon, or, (to ende the ſtryfe)
Learne to diſſemble what thou canſt not mende;
At ſmall faults winke, if thou wouldſt win thy Wyfe:
Elſe of thine Houſe thou mak'ſt a Priſon ſtrong;
Thy reſt vnreſt, thy ſelfe a common Song.

To a libidinous Levi.

I See fonde Luſt, with moſt vnlawfull Heate,
Doth melt thy Fleſh, and burne thy Bones away:
'Tis ſhame to ſee a Sage, in ſuch eſtate,
To preach the Trueth, and practiſe quite aſtray.
With Tyme and Hunger Luſt may bee with-ſtood:
If not by thoſe, an Halter would doe good.

To the Frontiſpice of Abakuk Biſsets *Booke, Of the Olde Monuments* of Scotland.

TWixt Was, and Is, how various are the Ods!
What one Man doth, another doth vndoe:
One conſecrates Religious Workes to Gods,
Another leaues ſad Wrackes, and Ruines now.
Thy Booke doth ſhew, that ſuch, and ſuch things were,
But would to GOD that it could ſay, They are.

VVhen I

When I pererre the Sourh, North, Eaſt, and Weſt,
And marke (alace) each Monument amis;
Then I conferre Tymes preſent with the paſt;
I reade what was, but cannot ſee what is:
I praiſe thy Booke with wonder, but am ſorie,
To reade olde Ruines in a recent Storie.

TO THE COVRT OF PARLIAMENT 1621,
In Favours of the Subſidie deſired by His Majeſtie.

GIue Cæſar what is Cæſars; CHRIST did ſo;
Yet had no Coyne, till from a Fiſh hee found it,
By PETERS Angle: VVho dare then ſay No,
To render Tribute, if the Prince demand it?
Who diſobeyes to pay a Tribute due,
Is neyther CHRISTIAN, *nor a Subiect true.*

To the Cauſidickes, who were made tributarie in the ſaid Court.

ARe wyſe Cauſidickes brought to ſuch a ſtraite,
At this great Court, as they are forc'd to yeelde,
And loſe the Freedome of their faire Eſtate,
And with their Tongues (chiefe Weapons) tyne the Fielde?
Hence-forth fare-well the force of Aides and Lawes:
Who loſe their owne, ſhall ſeldome pleade my Cauſe.

To His Majeſties Queſtors, for his Penſion.

BRaue BRUTUS begg'd a Loafe, to ſaue his Lyfe;
And from the Foes, which hee beſieg'd, receiv'd it.
Kynde Enemies forgetting former Stryfe,
Gaue Bread to hungrie BRUTUS, when hee crav'd it.
I feare no Foe, and ſo ſuſpect no Wrong;
But ſeeke my Loafe, for which I ſerved long.

ALIVD.

IAm no fayned *IEBVSITE*, for I
Haue travell'd farre, and haue true Cauſe to crye:
My Shooes are clowted, and my Cloathes are worne:
My Bread is mowl'd, my Bottell toome and torne.
If I goe Home worſe than I came abroad,
Heere is no loue to Man, nor feare of GOD.

ALIVD.

OVr *QVESTORS* learn'd their Arithmeticke ill:
Three parts they know, the fourth they quite neglect:
They adde, ſubſtract, and multiplie at will:
In ſub-diviſion there is groſſe defect.
Is Ignorance their fault? O no: What than?
The Chiragra: they will not, though they can.

ALIVD

A LIVD.

ONce more one poore Petition I preſent;
Marre not the Muſes, Mightie MARR, I pray:
Such as to Muſicke haue a mynde full bent,
Will ſaue the ſacred Muſes from decay.
The Dittie gines the Diapaſon grace:
Bee Friende to both; for now fits Tyme and Place.

Reply to a Dilatorie Anſwere, ſent by Sir Gedeon, &c. to the Author.

YOur Sub-Receiver ſhew'd mee, you were ſorie,
You could not ſo diſpatch mee as you would;
And tolde mee on, with ſtambring Tongue, a Storie,
Scarſe vnder-ſtood, when it was ten tymes tolde.
This difference I put betwixt you two,
Hee's ſhort in Words, and you in Deedes are ſlow.

AD QVESTORES.

OWhat an Age is this, in which wee liue!
Our Annuals are annumbred to our Stocke:
Wee dare not touch them, ſhould wee ſtarue, and grieue:
The Debitor detaines both Stocke and Brocke;
And hath a Law to warrand his detaining,
Which breedes our Wants, and barres vs from Complaining.

And which is worſe, beholde how Shepheards were
Abhominable t'ÆGYPTIANS in their Land:
Poore Penſioners muſt ſtand affrayde, afarre,
With heavie Heart, light Purſe, and emptie Hand.
To want our Profites, and our Penſions too,
What more, or worſe, can Foes, or Tyrantes doe?

TO STATES-MEN.

THere was a Tyme when Thieves had leaue to ſteale,
And wreſt their Wits to anie Wrong they can:
And were they not attatch'd, then all went well;
A cunning Thiefe was helde a ſkilfull Man:
But were hee found to haue a Fang, by Voces
Of juſt Aſſyſe, a Rope did ende the Proces.

I am no *SINDICKE*, worth a Pin, to fynde
With curious Eye th'Abuſes of our State:
If anie bee, I am not of that mynde;
For I determe, no Dittaes to delate:
But I pray GOD, *each Stateſ-man, Great and Small,*
May take Example by his Fellowes Fall.

HYMERA olde, the *SIRACVSAN* Dame,
For *DIONISE*, the Tyrant proude, did pray:
Whom each man curſt; (then Tyrants had no ſhame:
The laſt was worſt) Thus farre with her I'll ſay,
Our Senate wyſe, LORD bleſſe from each miſhap;
Few ſonnes haue Heads to fill their Fathers Cap.

A LIVD.

THe Royall Throne of *SALOMON* the Wyſe,
Was carv'd and cut with Lyons everie-where:
No Raven of rapt, nor Birde with craftie Cryes,
No greedie Wolves, nor Beaſts of Prey were there.
Let Stateſ-men thus in ſhew prone Lyons graue;
Not prone to prey, nor ſubtill to deceiue.

Mamertes Anſwere to a Paraſite.

ONe tolde *MAMERTES*, hee was happie thryſe,
Who had in *CORINTH* of true Friends ſuch ſtore.
MAMERTES to that Paraſite replyes,
If *FORTVNE* frowne, Friends ſhall bee found no more:
Yea, to bee plaine, thoſe ſeeming Friends you ſee,
Are Friends to my good Fortune, not to mee.

Of Timæa, Queene of Sparta.

TIMÆA faire, was *LACEDEMONS* Queene,
Yet ſhee defyl'd King *AGIS* Royall Bed;
Lay with a Stranger, erſt vnknowne, vnſeene;
Was oſtraciſm'd, and had from *ATHENS* fled.
Shee bore a Sonne, the Seede of Sinne and Shame;
And LEOTICHID was the Baſtards Name.

Yet LEOTICHID looked to bee crown'd,
When AGIS died. TIMÆA, fooliſh Hoore,
Tolde, ALCIBIAD got him. Thus renown'd
AGESILA did SPARTANS Crowne procure.
Women are weake, and Veſſels fonde, and frayle;
But hang the Hoore keepes neyther Tongue nor Tayle.

To the Cowſner.

THe Cowſner lookes with faire, but fraudfull, face,
And Locuſt-lyke a ſting is in his Tayle:
(How Tragicall was fonde PERILLVS caſe,
In his Inventions who did fall and fayle?)
Let him alone lyke ABSOLON bee left,
Twixt Heaven and Earth, that vſeth Fraude and Sheft.

To the Swearer.

THe wyſe ÆGYPTIANS puniſh'd him who ſware,
With loſſe of lyfe; The GRECIANS braue nor they
More mercifull, did crop the Swearers Eare;
Till falſe LYSANDER ſcrap'd that Law away.
Oathes ſtryue with Wordes in number now, wee ſee.
The greateſt Oathe preceeds the greateſt Lie.

To the

To the Envyous.

ENVY doth creepe, where as it dare not goe,
And ſees each thing, (lyke th'Eye) it ſelfe it ſees not:
It feedes on Foode moſt delicate; for loe,
It eates the owners Heart, from thence it flies not:
It brings the wretched Maſter to decay,
And ÆTNA-LIKE conſumes in Fire away.

To the moſt Noble, and Vertuous Lord,
SIR GEORGE HAY
OF KILFAWNES,
Great Chancellar of Scotland.

THe good ſucceſſe of *SYLLAES* great Effaires,
Made him to brag, that hee was Fortunes Chylde.
When Cæſars Pilote in a Storme ſhed Teares,
And prayde for Windes more mercifull and mylde,
Feare not (ſaid Cæſar) make no more a-doe,
Thou carrieſt Cæſar, and his Fortunes too.

AVGVSTVS wiſh'd, the Heavens to him ſhould giue,
With *SCIPIOES* Valour, *POMPEYS* Loue, but ſtill
His owne good Fortune. Long tyme mayſt Thou liue,
With Valour, Loue, and Fortune at Thy will.
Lyke SYLLA, Cæſar, and AVGVSTVS grant,
Let Fortune blinde, to Thy braue Mynde bee Slaue.

Ad Eundem.

VVHo thinks dame Fortune blinde, and ſpoylde of Eyes,
And ſpyes our Peace, our State, hath little Skill:
For loe, King IAMES, Good, Holie, Great and Wyſe,
Doth guide and rule her rowling Wheele at will.
Now good Men finde Preferment, Vertue Price:
Rods are the Fooles Rewards, and Strypes for Vice.

SATYRA VOLANS.

GOe, Swift-wing'd SATYRE, through all States, but feare,
Though thou a baſe and thankleſſe Errand beare:
Goe thou Poſt-haſte, & through all Hazards hye thee;
TRUETH is thy Warrand; Nip them that come nye thee;
Paſſe King and Prince, with Prayſing, and with Praying:
And if to Court thou goe, make little Staying:
Yet tell thus much, to all, though it ſhould wrong them,
There's but ſmall Trueth and Honeſtie among them:
And hee that's helde in moſt Reſpect, by all,
His Fellowes waite, and long to ſee him fall.

Tell Church,

Tell CHURCH, 'tis full of Shisme, vaine Pryde, and Greede;
They teach what's good, but doe no good in-deede.
Tell Noble-men, They are prowde Tyrants growne;
Ere they lacke Practise, they'll oppresse their owne.
Tell some Ignoble Nobles in their Faces,
They are not worthie of their Fathers Places.
Tell to the best, They act but others Actions,
And vexe their Neighbours to beare out their Factions.
Tell Rich men, Riches would bee well employed;
Those that haue Much, haue manie to destroy it.
Tell wretched CHREMES, His example heere,
Makes manie fast, where they haue got good Cheare:
The Traine retrainsh'd, the Table curt and short,
Sad Solitude, where I haue seene resort.
The Wrath of GOD consume that worthlesse Worme,
Who first began this lewde and pinching Forme.
Hee lookes a Man so hungrie in the Face,
As hee would eate him raw, and nere say GRACE.
Tell subtill Merchandes, They're perjur'd Exporters
Of needfull thinges; vnprofitable Importers
Of needlesse thinges, which men buy head-longes, rash;
As Scalerigs, Wyne, Tobacko, and such Trash.
Tell those who still attende Effaires of State,
They keepe no Place, nor Greatnesse, without Hate.
Tell, Knowledge wanting Zeale, is nothing worth;
And Zeale but Knowledge, many Shisme brings foorth.
Pray Iudges haue but two, not dowble, Eares;
Some say, Their Hand, chiefe Organe, sees, groapes, heares.
Tell, Lawyers are the Children of Horse-lieches,
Which crye, Giue, giue, and make great Gaine by Speaches.
Their chiefest Sporte, is but to sow Dissention,
And builde their States by Crooks, Delayes, Contention.
Tell Clerkes and Writers, They are farre from ill:
Yet Scrybes of olde expon'd the Lawes at will.
Tell Physicke-mongers, Drogs are growne vnsure,
And manie Doctors rather kill, than cure.

Tell th'Vſurer, His Gaine for Money lent,
Is but maintainde by Actes of Parliament,
And Parables. It cannot bee with-ſtood,
The Talent dowbled, was helde ſervice good.
Tell, Zeale is blinde? Tell Loue is turn'd to Luſt:
Tell fainting Age, it waſtes: tell Fleſh 'tis Dust.
Tell Youth, it takes in moſt exceſſiue meaſure,
In Borthels lewde, and Taverns too much pleaſure.
Tell Beautie braue, 'tis but admir'd a-while,
And fondlie prayſ'd in Poëts franticke Stile.
Tell great Men, that, One Paraſite, One Knaue,
Will make them loſe the trueſt Friende they haue.
Nip Fortune to the quicke; tell ſhee is blinde.
Tell Pithias too, To Damon hee's vnkinde.
Tell, Trueth hath left the Citie in a Grudge,
And in the Countrey finds but ſmall Refuge.
Bid the Satyricke Find-fault Poët, Take him
To ſome more Lucrous Trade: his Vane will wracke him.
Hee hath good Wits, and yet a Foole doth ſpende them:
Fit to finde Faults, but moſt vnfit to mende them.
Thus having runne, and rayl'd, till all admire Thee,
Fall on thy Face, beg Pardon, and retire thee.

AD LECTOREM CANDIDVM.

Multa pererravi, ſed non erraſſe videbor,
Errorum numeros, ſi numerare vacat.

SATYRVLA

IN PLEBEM.

EXperience, long, and deare, hath made mee finde,
Nothing is more vnſure than Vulgare Minde.
All Commons are (Quicke-Silver-lyke) vnſtable,
Fawning, and frowning, at each franticke Fable.
For Loue to day They'll crowne a Man a King,
Dethrone to morrow, for a naughtie thing.
Iuſt ARISTIDES, who rul'd ATHENS long,
Was oſtraciſm'd, for being good: ſtrange wrong.
THEMISTOCLES from GRECE made XERXES flie,
Who in exyle, amongſt his Foes, muſt die.
To crowne SEIANVS Cæſar now they'r bent;
But in an houre hee is to Priſon ſent.
ANTIOCHVS in one day was ſaluted
A gracious Prince: a Tyrant ſtraight reputed.
As blinde as HOMER was, in Ieſt and Scorne,
Hee could compare the Commons to the Corne:
Heere comes a puffe of Winde, on this ſide blowes it;
There comes another Blaſt, contrarelie throwes it.
To raging Billoes of the Waues vnruelie,
The Peoples nature is compared truelie.

Thoſe Mouthes at firſt which did OSANNA crie,
Cryde, Crucifie, and let BARABBAS free.
The Mariner may as well wrap the Winde,
And in his Sayles, till his next Voyage binde,
As can a King, in anie modeſt Meaſure,
The Multitude command, and rule at pleaſure.
It is the LORD, who onlie May, Can, Will,
The Windes, the Waues, and Peoples madneſſe ſtill.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

I. R.

Pronior in plebem, (ſi non ingrata fuiſſet)
Antea nullus erat, poſtea nullus erit.

The Authors Reſolution.

THe Nightingale, when ſhee hath ſtor'd her Neſt,
With Feathers warme, feedes, ſleepes, & ſings no more:
Our Poets ſo (who ſometyme ſung) take reſt,
Since they haue got their States inſtaur'd with Store.
But I will ſing, euen to the day I dye;
Let others themſelues make Mirth, and ſo ſhall I.

Roſipetra

Roſipetræ meæ ad Imitationem Pſophidii Arcadienſis deſcriptio.

ANgulo in auguſto terræ, fructuſque ferenti
Largos, Pſophidius prædia parva colit:
Contentus parvo, minimaque cupidine fœlix
Nil capit ille magis, nil cupit ille minus.

ALTERA.

PArva domus, bene cultus ager, nec inepta ſupellex,
Innumeras mihi fert parvula ripa Roſas:
Hic juga Parnaſſi, fonteſque Heliconis, & umbræ,
Sit habito, & mecum carmina blanda cano.

Finis, quod Mr Ar Craig.